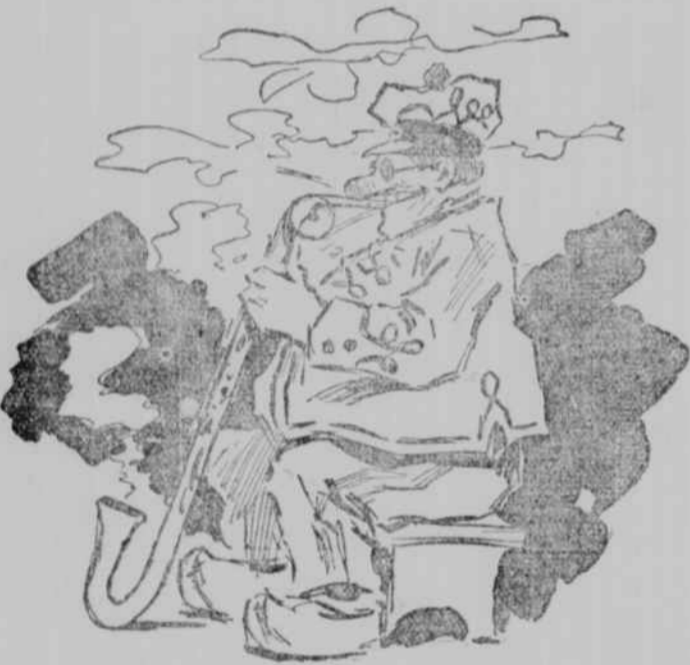




1. Saxophone player—Dunder undt blitzen! I van blien schmecken.



2. Py shinning, I vill vill der instrument mit dopasco.



3. Ah, a big head! I haf, nicht wahr?



4. He—I know you are pretty frozen, darling, but we will soon reach the Ten-Mile House, where we can have a nice, hot supper.



5—and she hasn't spoken to him since.



When the sun climbs high in the eastern sky,  
Heigho! for the ice-bound river!  
And the shales keep time in a merry chime,  
Heigho! for the ice-bound river!  
With a crowd of four-yea, girl's saute,  
With a click and cluck, as the ruckers dash,  
While the snowflakes fly from a frosty sky,  
And loud and long rings the skating gear—  
Oh, there's pleasure gay on a winter's day—  
Heigho! for the ice-bound river!

When the moon hangs low where the willows grow,  
Heigho! for the ice-bound river!  
And each little star gleams bright afar,  
Heigho! for the ice-bound river!  
With a crowd of two—myself and Frier,  
With the course all clear and no one near;  
When her roguish eyes show mild surprise  
As my arm in haste steals round her waist—  
Oh, the dear delight of winter's night—  
Heigho! for the ice-bound river!



Husband (2 A. M.)—How is the lodge again, have you? Smoking, too, after your repeated promises to stop.

Twilight at the Sea.  
When tired waves that seek the land,  
Show but that sparkle, crest;  
While surging white-foamed to the strand  
For momentary rest,  
And night slow veils the shadowy sea,  
As stars their lights display,  
Then—God seems very near to me,  
And earth far, far away.  
The homing sea gull's twilight cry,  
Accents a silence, rare,  
Where thrills are broken; discords die;  
Bethroned the deadly care,  
For clangor, din, and stress of life,  
Invade not this retreat,  
No clamorous tongues, no noisy strife—  
But silence stressed, replete.  
With its own harmony, so deep!  
It thrills, refines, inspires;  
And purest, noblest thoughts, that sleep  
When sordid aims, desires,  
Enervate us with earth's sensual things,  
Are here and their mission given,  
To bear us on their evening wings  
More near to truth and heaven.

Each chord responsive of the heart,  
Is swept, and vibrates free,  
Each echo blends, and seems a part  
Of Ocean's minstrelsy  
While murmuring music of the waves,  
Is but the soft refrain,  
Of memories sweet, of hope that saves,  
Of joys, lived over again.  
With noiseless feet, and voiceless speech,  
The absent ones seem near,  
To share and grace the starlit beach,  
In sacred trysting here;  
While on its ebon wings, the night  
Times that dear sainted hand,  
Whose angel faces, smiling, bright,  
Duly death's hiding hand.  
O were I in mid-ocean east,  
Upon some lonely shore,  
With but a waste of waters vast,  
Around me evermore,  
I think each dreary day would bring  
One glad, sweet hour to me,  
When hope would rise on buoyant wing—  
In twilight at the sea. J. R. S.



Clara—These conductors are very thoughtful, Maud.  
Maud—Do you think so?  
Clara—Why, if they didn't help us for ward when the car starts we would be thrown down. They're so nice about it, too.



Erastus—I want's it eighteen onions this.  
Jeweller—I presume you mean eighteen carrots.  
Erastus—Look it, dar it, son. Eighteen carrots. I knowed that a vegetable.



Rev. Fiddle, D. D.—Did you ever hear of a woman becoming a sailor?  
Old Tar—Certainly. Wasn't Let's wife a female sailor?



Mr. Carver—Now, frens, who shall I give de fust helpin' ob dis turkey—hu?  
Mr. Cutter—I 'lowe de gentlemen on mah list should recieve dat honor, as he wus de las' one to leabe de han-house, an' de doctah's statistics goes to show dat he recelved de mos' shot.

WHERE PAPA LOST HIS PATIENCE.

It was little Bobby's first ride on a trolley car, and he promptly opened up: "Papa, what makes this car go?" "Electricity, Bobby," answered papa from behind his paper. "What is 'electricity'?" "Er—it's a power they get from batteries and dynamos and such things." Bobby was silent a moment and kept looking out the window. Just then another car came by, and Bobby commenced again. "Is that funny thing on the top of the car a dynamo, papa?" he asked. "No, Bobby, that's a pole." "Do they push it with that pole?" "No." "Pull it?" "No!" "What is it for, then?" "Don't ask so many questions. That is where the electricity is carried from the wire to the car." "Is it heavy to carry?" "No!" The other passengers were on a broad grin and papa was in a fidget. Just then another car passed, and some sparks flashed from the wire. "Oh, papa! is that pole burning?" asked Bobby with renewed interest. Papa, thinking to make the best of it,



sighed and said: "No, my son, that is caused by the closing and breaking of the circuit." "Does it often break?" "Yes." "Who fixes it?" "Bobby, will you stop asking questions!" The frantic effort of the motorman to stop the car at a down-grade crossing next attracted Master Bobby's attention. "Papa, what's that coffee mill for?" "That's not a coffee mill; it is the handle to turn off and on the electricity. The man turns it to start and stop the car." "Does he wind the car up?" "No! For Heaven's sake, Bobby, will you be quiet?" Just then the car stopped suddenly and the conductor went back hurriedly to the rear platform. This was too much for Bobby. "Papa! the car stopped! that time and the man did not turn the grinder." "The car has slipped its trolley." "Then we won't get home, will we?" "Certainly, why not?" "Because the other night when you



didn't get home Uncle Jack told mamma he had seen you, and you looked as if you had shipped your trolley." "We got off here!" said Bobby's father quickly, and as the car started on its way again even the hum of the motor did not drown the shrill shrieks of Bobby. And every individual woman in the car glanced back and murmured, "The brute!"



"FOR DEAR LIFE."